
Title: Journal of Grimmoch

Author: Grimmoch Drummel

Day Seventeen - Day

Twenty-Two:

The fighting never
ceases... the blood never
stop flowing, like a river
through the bloated
corpses of the dead. And
yet there are still more.
Always more, with the
red fire gleaming in their
eyes. My arm aches, I've
taken to the sword as
my bow seems to do
little good... the dull ache
in my arm... so many
swings, cleaving a mountain
of decaying flesh. And
Thomas... he was there, in
the thick of it.. Thomas
was beside me... his face
cleaved in twain - and
yet beside me, fighting
with us against the horde
until he was cut down
once again. And I swear I
see him even now, there
in the dark corner of
the antechamber, his eyes
flickering in the last
dying embers of the
fire... and he stares at
me, and a scream fills
the vault - wheather his
or mine, I can no longer
tell.